JOHN TOPP, PIRATE

By Weatherby Chasney and Alick Munro.

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CHAPTER II.

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Before Alec's arrival on the scene I grieve to say that besides being one of the greatest dunces in the school I was also, so the master said, the most troublesome young scapegrace he ever had the misfortune to cane. He told my father that he could not conscientiously take any blame to himself for my deplorable ignorance and deprayity, as he would warrant that there was scarcely a square inch of my ungainly careass that his ferule or birch broom had not scored. I was innately wicked, he declared, and my poor father groaned and said he feared the schoolmaster was right.

There was really some justification for this belief of my father's, for all my ten brothers (I was the youngest of 11) were either doing well or giving promise of it, and I was the only one who had ever given my worthy parents the least trouble. The others were mostly parsons, or on the way to become parsons; so, as my father, too, was in the church, there was plenty of plety in the family, but I am very much afraid that the collective goodness of all my relatives was more than balanced by my individual depravity. I have heard my mother say-and is has never o curred to me to doubt itthat the first use I made of my legs after I learned the art of locomotion was to walk straight into a scrape. It is a habit I have not dropped with increase of years.

Now, however, I had for the first time a companion who, like myself, appeared to be happiest when in trouble, and for the next two years Alec and I continued to live in a state of intermittent rebellion with those in authority. We both bankered after excitement and the pursuit of it continually led us into hot water. Now it would be a scuffle with his lordship's men for snaring his lordship's grouse, now a brawl in a tayern and now, again, a threat of severe punishment for scaring half the town with a turnip lantern on a dark winter's night. Once we went off for a whole week and lived like conies among the hills, and on another occasion we hid ourselves in a ship's hold and sailed down to Scarboro in her and then tramped the whole way back

over the moors on foot. Adventures like these cemented our and ready in emergencies, but they did when anything went wrong or any evil tents into another vessel, was committed of which the perpetrators were not at once discovered every finger pointed to Alexander Ireland and John Topp as the culprits. And, truth to tell, these judicial digits did

not often point askew. Alec, indeed, pursued his studies with some amount of diligence; but an for me the perpetual war which i waged with the schoolmaster was far too bitter to admit of my profiting by his efforts to instruct me. I increased. therefore, it very little except stature. but in that I bid fair to be pre-eminent in Whitby.

My eventual sudden departure from the town was caused by the unexpected boiling over of a pan of water, and this is how it came about:

I had gone to see my sweetheart Inez, and Alec had, as usual, accompanied me. He still took great pleasure in the sea songs she used to sing to us, and, besides, his presence was a help to our lovemaking, as he was always willin to converse with Dame Garrat and so divert her attention from Inez to me when we happened to wish to speak of anything of an especially private nature. We had a prearranged system of signals by which I could always let him know when I wanted him to talk louder than usual, and, to tell the truth, our knowledge of the code was in no danger of growing rusty from want of use.

On this particular night, however, the conversation had been of other times and places than our own. We had been discussing the marvelors wealth of the new world, and Alec at 1 I had fought a wordy battle about the relative merits of glory and gold. I ? was all for glory, and I was for gold first and glory only as an afterthought when the gold was safe below hatche

"Jack," said Inez to me when Alec and I had, in our despair of converting one another, come to a controversial deadlock, "there are other ways of making gold than by fighting for it."

"Yes, sweetheart, I know there are," I answered, "but you would not have me to become a smug faced merchant?"

"No, but there are other ways still."

"How?" "By alchemy."

"The devil's work!" I cried. "My father's work, Jack," replied

Inez gravely.

"Yes, sweetheart, and I wish it were not," I began when Alec interrupted

"Jack, my boy, you're a fool. How can the devil have anything to do with it? The trade's respectable enough, though it doesn't seem to be very profitable to its professors-a sure sign, by the way, that it's an honest one."

"Jack." said Inez, "will you see for yourself?"

"Visit Don Miguel at his work?" "Yes."

"Not I!" I said, with a shudder. "I

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should expect to be enchanted. Alec, however, chaffed me for my superstitious fears and said that nothing would please him better than to see how the work was done. Now, to be called a coward in the hearing of my sweetheart was naturally more than I could stand, so I told Alee I would go with him.

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Inez said there was a window in the pantry from which we could see Don Miguel's laboratory without his knowing that any one was watching him, so we stationed ourselves there. Alec was all curiosity to see what was going on; but, though I tried to conceal my fears, I was horribly afraid that some unholy sight would meet my eyes. From my cradle I have been taught that it is always safest to shun the devil and his works, and I believe it to be a thoroughly good rule.

Don Miguel's laboratory was a fearsome place. There were rows upon rows of retorts and flasks of various quaint shapes, shelves with big, dusty, learned looking books on them, cases of bottles containing tinctures of various colors, both dull and bright; charcoal furnaces, and steaming vars of bubbling liquids. The floor was marked out into arcs, circles, triangles and every sort of uncanny geometrical figure, and one corner of the room was entirely filled by a large blast furnace, over which Don Miguel was leaning, intently wa ching some substance that was hissing and gurgling in an earthenware crucible.

There was no light in the room except that which the glow of the furnace gave, and as at each blast it burned up brightly and shone for a moment on the pale, eager face of the alchemist and then died away in a gloom again which by contrast was almost darkness I thought I had never gazed upon such an unholy scene.

As we watched we saw that a critical point in the process had evidently been reached. The Spanlard was trembling and muttering as he peered into the crucible whenever the dragon's breath of the furnace gave him light, and, though we could not hear what he said, it was perfectly clear that he was wildly excited-unless, perhaps, it was the working of madness that we saw.

By and by he seemed to see the sign for which he was looking. With a low friendship and taught us to be quick ery of delight, more like the yapping of a dog than anything else, he stopped not tend to increase our popularity the furnace blast and lit a rushlight with those in authority, and to such an candle. Then he took the crucible extent did our ill repute spread that from the flames and poured the con-

> time, as he watched the silent workings of his hell broth in the vessel, I never once saw his eyelids blink. Then he gave a wild, unearthly yell of delight, which made my very marrow run cold, as though a tub of water had been thrown over me, and as his excited utterance became louder we could now hear what he said:

"It turns! It turns! The color-the lovely blood red color! See how it rises, red showing through the green! Success has come to me at last, and tomorrow I shall have gold! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Gold, gold, gold!"

At this moment one of the flasks that had been gurgling and spluttering in another corner suddenly boiled over, and the liquid fell, hissing, on to the charcoal embers. A cloud of steam rose into the air, and at the sight my overstrained nerves could bear the tension no longer, and I uttered a sharp cry. The Spanlard heard it, and it made him start involuntarily. Some of the decoction in the vessel he was holding splashed over and burned his hand. With a yell of pain he let the vessel fall, and the precious essence was spilled on the floor, over which it ran in an oily stream, burning with a blue, sulphurous flame. He looked up at the window, saw our white scared faces peering at him, and with another yell (of rage this time) he snatched up a sword that was lying on a table and

made a rush for the door. "Fly. Jack, fly! He'll murder you!" cried Inez as she pushed me away from the window.

I snatched a hurried kiss from her

and fled, and Alec with me. Down the lane we ran with all the speed that fear gave us and Don Miguel hard on our heels. We gained on him slightly and, taking advantage of the darkness, doubled and crouched breathed more freely as the sound of his footsteps grew fainter in the distance.

"A near shave, that!" I said as we made over some fields to avoid meeting the Spaniard as he returned.

"Yes," replied Alec, "but why did you run?"

"For the same reason as you did. I suppose," I answered, somewhat surfily.

"Afraid?"

"Yes, afraid. What of it?"

"It isn't like John Topp." "John Topp fears no man." I said harply, "but the devil I won't tackle." "Jack, your superstition is childish," said Alec gravely. "An angry Spaniard

was the only devil I could see." "Then, for the matter of that, why did you run?"

"Partly because you did."

"Thanks! And the other reason?

The augry Spaniard, ch?" I said, with a sneer.

"Yes, Jack, the angry Spaniard." "Then which of us is the coward, I'd At the old like to know you or 1? I run from the devil, and I'm not ashamed to own Looked jest about as savage as a ment ax ablge. it; you run from a man because he's angry and has a sword in his hand, and apparently you are not ashgued to

"That was not my reason," said Alec. "No? Then what was it? Surely a very cunning one, for I quite fall to see it." It was my turn now, I thought. "He's your sweetheart's father," replied Alec simply.

I stopped dead, "Alec," I said, "I give you leave to hit me as hard as you like, straight from the shoulder, here on my blundering, stupid mouth - a straight left hander, mind! And I promise you I won't return the blow."

itently. "I deserve it for venturing to speak of cowardice and Alec Ireland in the same breath. Can you forgive

"No, thanks," replied Alec, with a

"Of course I do," said Alec, with another laugh, and he wouldn't let me say another word about it. I saw, though, that he was hurt, and no wonder. When a man is acting from motives of pure chivalry, it is hard that That had so good a notion how to rush town his own sworn shipmate should accuse. him of cowardice. I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and even now the only excuse I can make for my disloyal suspicions is that the fearsome scene we had witnessed in the alchemist's laboratory had so scared me that I did not rightly know what I was saying.

It's a thin excuse, though, at the best. (To be Continued Next Week.)

A SERENADE OF WOLVES. How One Was Started In the Na

tional Zoo at Washington.

In The Century Ernest Seton-Thompson, who used to be known as "Wolf" Thompson from his familiarity with this particular form of wild animal, tells how he started a wolf serenade at the National zoo in Washington.

While making these notes among the animals of the Washington zoo I used to go at all bours to see them. Late one evening I sat down with some friends by the wolf cages in the light the seat and came back. of a full moon. I said, "Let us see whether they have forgotten the music of the west." I put up my hands to song of the pack. The first to respond was a coyote from the plains. He remembered the wild music that used to mean pickings for him. He put up his asked. muzzle and "yap yapped" and howled. Next an old wolf from Colorado came running out, looked and listened earproper angle, she took up the wild you?" strain. Then all the others came running out and joined in, each according to his voice, but all singing that wild ing, rolling and swelling, high and low, office. in the cadence of the hills.

They set all my feelings aglow:

They stirred up my heart with their artless art And their song of the long ago. Again and again they raised For four or five minutes he held it and sang in chorus till the whole moonup to the light, and during all that, lit wood around was ringing with the grim refrain-until the inhabitans in the near city must have thought all the beasts broken loose. But at length their clamor died away, and the wolves returned, slunk back to their dens, silently, sadly, I thought, as though they realized that they could indeed join in the hunting song as of old, but their hunting days were forever done.

He Was Admitted,

Fortunately when red tape comes in contact with common sense it is red tape which goes to the wall. A good story is told of a military official who devised a system which compelled every one who went on business to General Banks to procure a ticket from a member of the staff, the presentation of which at the door gained his admission. One day a burly colonel came to the door of the private office at headquarters and requested that his name be given to the general.

"Have you a ticket?" he was asked. "A ticket!" echoed the colonel, with scorn. "No, sir, I haven't."

"You can't enter here without one," was the reply.

"Sir," said the colonel, "when General Banks becomes a puppet show, and I have 25 cents to spare, I'll buy a ticket to see him, not before." He was admitted.

The Polite Lie in Embryo.

A little child has given us a peep into the process by which the polite lie is developed. Mamma was talking to Effie about the absence of Edith from the children's party.

"You are sorry," said mamma, "that Edith could not come?"

Effic replied, having enjoyed herself, "Oh, I don't mind much."

To which mamma rejoined: "But Edith is ill. That is why she couldn't down under the side of a haystack. He | come. You must be sorry." Effic condid not see our maneuver, and we sidered. "Yes; of course I'm sorry," she said. "but it doesn't hurt me-inside."-London Chronicle.

A Difference. "Did you go to the girls' college ben-

efit supper, major?" "Yes, little girl."

"They say it was a circus, major?" "No, it wasn't, little girl. If it had only been a circus, I could have bought a bag of rancid peanuts for a nickel caretaker, dear old woman, after she instead of paying 50 cents for a burned ball of popcorn."-Chicago News.

Does the man who worries about himself ever think that he is worrying about a thing of which the world makes little note?-St. Louis Star.

Whenever a mother's attention is called to her children, she makes a dive at them and wipes their noses .- THE TOWN MEETING MODERATOR.

Whate, whate, whate! He would people, and he'd bang described table on the town house stage. Ann, potcol. The deet would rose, While through it, wr. hos eyes

We taker had a moderator up to souff like him. He was little, he was squarzled, he was old and bent and slim;

But when he slammed the table with his old

He'd quiet down a hooraw quicker'n any man in There was Uncle Ceptus Johnson who'd git up

With about as much ability to speak, a'r, as a And I ro ken if ye'd let him he would gabble on 'Bout the rold in Perkin's deestrick and the tax

There was Deacon Ira Patterson and Squire Ezry There'd never been a chairman who could seem to shet 'em off, But the Mixter Moderator that I'm tellin ye about,

He'd jump, e'r, like a cricket, give the table top "I wish you would," I answered pen- And I sin't get words to tell to ye the awful way When he'd holler: "Shet that tater trap! Set

down, I say, set down!"
And—cid—cocy—set?

Want, new you bet! Whang, whang, whang! It was just a stiddy bung

When they dicks, tend to business in the way they ought to do. When it come to moderate, Warn't a critter in the state

meetin's through.

CONORORORORORORORORORO F PRINCE'S PRIDE AND PEACOCK FEATHERS.

A Story of High Life. CONCRORONOMONOMONOMONOMONO

I am a working woman and accustonishes me.

When, therefore, I sat one night in the Pennsylvania railroad depot, Jersey City side. I was aroused to no interest at all by the appearance of a tall, slender, elderly woman of elegant bearing with a young baby. The woman came in, sat down beside me, then got up, hesitated, placed the baby in

graceful, even dignified, carriage, with "Is going to make the most of it." my mouth and howled the hunting refinement of face and figure-a lady from boots to bonnet. She seemed in such uncertainty that I spoke to her. "Can I be of assistance to you?" I

"Yes and no," said she hesitatingly. "I have lost my railroad ticket. Could you-would you-let me leave my bag-

"Certainly," I said.

At this she deposited her satchel, umbrella, shawl and baby in the seat by wolf hunting song, howling and yell- my side and walked over to the ticket

They sang me their song of the west, the west; year old, leaned against me comfortably, and I chatted to it as a woman ticket office, the woman was not there, and, leaning forward in the seat, I glanced down through the door to the ferry entrance beyond without seeing

> A minute later the gong of my ferryboat was clanging, but I could not leave, for the woman had not returned to take her baby. To make my story short, I sat there until the ferryboat had gone many times and until many new sets of passengers had come and gone from the ferryhouse, but my woman returned not.

Then, taking the baby, I stepped over to the ticket office. "Did a woman with a baby-I mean without a babybuy a ticket here-a tall, gray haired

woman?" The clerk looked at me supercilious "I do not recognize any one from that description," he said.

"This baby was left with me an hour ago," I said, "and I am looking for the woman."

"You had better go over to the New York side," said he. "Your woman probably crossed an hour ago. Take Pressibly sad, and I, with my experthis boat, and probably you will overtake her."

So with the baby, the hand satchel, the shawl and the umbrella I crossed the Jersey ferry and landed at Cortlandt street, New York. But here I could not get any satisfaction, for no one had seen my woman, and no one would take the baby. At the suggestion of a policeman I took a cab and drove to Bellevue hospital, only to be told that Blackwell's island was the place for a waif.

"But Blackwell's island is across the river," I said, "and I am here." "Then take it to the police station,"

suggested the Bellevue official. I took the baby, which by this time had slumbered comfortably in my arms,

to the police station, but the official could do nothing for me. "The baby was not found in our pre-

elsewhere. I think," he added, "that as it was found on the Jersey City side you will have to find a place for it in the public institutions of New Jersey. Better take it home tonight and start out again in the morning." As it was now midnight, I took his

advice. I carried the baby home, and there, with the help of my old caretaker, we fixed a little bed for it on had recovered from her surprise, warmed a little food for the child and soothed it to sleep as best she could.

The next morning bright and early I started out on my quest for a home for the baby, but not until I had amused tayself with it for an hour, admiring any one could have the heart to forsake it and particularly how such a refined woman could do so cruel a deed.

As I said, I am a busy worker.

am a newspaper woman, and before going on my private mission I called mother scated on the public balcony upon my chief and told him of my find. after bidding farewell to their guests, "That would make an excellent newspaper story," said he.

but leave out my mme. Maybe we

can trace the woman quietly." But we could not trace the woman; Intending It. neither could I find a place for the was as though she had been born in stance was saying. midocean a child without a tewn or a habitation. So in a few weeks, partly by fate and partly because I had become attached to the child, I found myself a newspaper woman in possession of a baby about a year old. her. She was beginning to talk and to walk, and before I had had her a week we began to be afraid that some

My chief knew of the acquisition to loyalty to his newspaper is unswerving.

One day, the 1st of June, the chief sent for me and said: "I want you to go to Newport for the senson. Lady Blackburn and her daughter are to be there. They have just come over from Europe and are to be the lions of Newport society. Her ladyship is an American, you know, but her daughter was born abroad. She is to be introduced into society this summer, and it is expected that she will make a brilliant match before the senson is out."

"Who is Lady Blackburn?" "I do not know exactly," he said. "I cabled over to Berlin to find out some thing about her, as I understand she was there some time ago. All I could tomed to being out at all hours. I am ascertain from our correspondent there accustomed also to all people and all was that a certain Lady Blackburn things, and nothing frightens or as and daughter were part of the American colony at Berlin last season. They were very quiet. The daughter had made an unfortunate match or something of that kind and did not go out. They suddenly disappeared."

"Where did she get her title?" "From the dead Blackburn. His an cestor was knighted three generations ago for a service. The title died with

him, but in this generation the widow, Taking particular notice of her for an ambitious Montana woman, has the first time, I saw that she was of taken it up, and as she has money she

"You want me to go to Newport?" "Yes; go there and give her ladyship a fine write up." As I started away the chief called

out: "Don't take the baby with you. She's too young to enter society." I went to Newport, to the Rock House, without the baby. I found the nestly, and, raising her shout to the gage here one minute by the side of entire hotel in a state of anticipation, flowers. They stopped at a small tafor her ladyship was expected any ble at my side.

day, and a retinue of her servants had arrived ahead of her. Here I heard great stories of Lady Blackburn, such as I had never heard before, and I soon learned that she had The baby, a little thing not over a gone to Europe in her youth, had married abroad and had recently inherited money from her father in Montana. will. When I turned to look at the She was about to return to this country with her daughter to become the

queen of American society. stance, was beautiful and fit enough

to reign over any belle in Newport. The entire second floor in the Rock House was engaged for Lady Blackburn, and the Honorable Constance and three of the best carriage houses were put in commission for her ladyship's

blooded horses. The day of her arrival at Newport I wrote a full account to my newspaper | married to the wealthlest eatch of at home and had the satisfaction of Newport. The announcement came knowing that we had scored a "beat." for no other newspaper had such a full | the ball. It seems the Honorable Conaccount of the coming of the distinguished woman to Newport.

I had a glimpse of her ladyship on the day of her arrival as she was coming up the steps. She was a tall, slender, gray baired woman, with a distinguished bearing, and by her side, smaller, though with scarcely less distinction, walked the Honorable Constance. Later I saw the young woman's face. It was sweet, though inexence of the world, said to myself, "The Honorable Constance looks like a wom-

an with a past." In a few days all Newport was alive with the arrival of the Blackburns. Cards and carriages arrived at the Rock House at all hours of the day, and the name of the Honorable Corstance, the beautiful heiress, was on every lip.

It had been decided that Constance would make her debut in society at the home of Mrs. Senator Gray, who is one of the most elegant women in Newport society. Then she and her mother, having met all Newport, could entertain at a grand presentation ball at the Rock House.

I must say this much for her ladyship-that never in the course of my editorial career have I been treated with more consideration. Though I cinct," said he, "and I must refer you had never met her, I received each day from her pen a very nice programme of the day's doings.

On her arrival I had sent her my card, with the name of the paper 1 represented engraved upon it, and her affairs, education, railroads, geological ladyship had informed me, in a very elegantly worded note, that was written on very elegantly engraved note paper, that she would be pleased at any time to render me any assistance broad experience and active mind. In the sofa and made it comfortable. My in her power in the way of gathering addition to his other duties, the secresociety news.

the pen of her secretary a full account, hospitals and eleemosynary instituwhich greatly facilitated my work.

The Honorable Constance, like all girls of 20 who are not yet in society, was passive in this, but I thought she was sadder than she ought to be conits pretty ways and wondering how sidering her elegant coming debut, and advice. when I saw her, as I often did, walking toward the ocean in company with only a maid I wondered that she was

One evening, seeing her and her I thought I would venture, considering their kindness, to approach them "Yes," said I, "and you can publish and pay my respects. As I stepped It. Put the child's picture in the paper, up behind them I saw that they were engaged in a deep conversation and found that I was in earshot without

"If we could only find it, mamma, child abandoned in a ferryhouse. It if we could only find it," Lady Con-

"It was stolen, I tell you, stolen! I searched the papers and offered rewards, though you were too prostrated with grief to realize it, but it was never found. Why can you not give it up for lost, or do you want to spoil every-The little girl was pretty, and I liked thing? You are only 20 and-why can't you give it up?"

"They must have lost a valuable jewel," I said to myself, but somehow one would claim her. But no one ever, I had a feeling that it was not a jewel they meant.

The day of Lady Blackburn's ball my household, but said nothing. He is was the busiest day Newport has ever n wise man and allows his subordle seen. Never will I forget it. All the nates to do as they will, provided their morning caterers and decorators were coming to the house to add to the elegant preparations made by the host of the finest hotel in the world.

All the afternoon carriages were arriving, bearing immense bunches of bouquets and baskets of orchids. The Hon. Constance Blackburn was to be launched into society under the auspices second to no other debutante that ever stepped out at Newport.

My plan for reporting the ball was

During the morning I had written a complete account of the preparations. In the afternoon I obtained the list of the invited guests, and toward evening I made a note of the bouquets and those who had sent them. All these I telegraphed to my chief in New York.

At 9 o'clock I would visit the ballroom, and, having noted the costumes of the ladies, I would wire them to my chief to be added before the paper went to press.

At 5 o'clock I determined, for fear of being left out at some important detail, to visit Lady Binckburn and pay my respects to her. I thought this would be a good time to thank her for her kindness and to ask for additional details regarding the ball. Up to this time I had never met her ladyship.

I was ushered into the Blackburn suit of rooms, and there, in the most luxurious corner of the summer parlor, I sank to rest amid elegant cushions to await the arrival of Lady Blackburn, to whom I had sent my card.

It was only a minute before I heard the rustle of her gown. She was not yet dressed for the ball. She had her arms full of favors, and on each side of her were manservants, also carrying

"You can lay the favors there, James," said her ladyship. "And you, John, place yours over on the table." It was plain that Lady Blackburn

did not know she had a guest. "Now," said she, "I will leave these here, and I will come back for them in just a minute." Something in the sound of her voice

brought me to my feet, and she laid her burden by my side and stepped The daughter, the Honorable Con- back. I turned and looked at her. For one minute we two women stood face

to face! I took the midnight train for New York that very night. I had something

I wanted to tell my chief. "It is a good story," he said, "but we could never print it. Lady Blackburn is a leader in society, and the Honorable Constance is engaged to be over the wire tonight. It was made at stance only met him at Newport, but money, youth and beauty fixed the match. I guess we had better let it

drop." "Yes," I said; "perhaps so, especially for my own family."-Exchange.

Uncle Sam as a Publisher.

One thing that is mounting up rapidly is the official literature of the government. Most citizens complain if the president's message fills more than one page of the average newspaper, but they fall to remember that belied that message are thousands of reports and tons of documents. Indeed, if the average man were to attempt to read everything the government publishes in one year be would have to devote about a half a century to the task, taking eight hours a day for the work of reading. Hundreds of these volumes are beautifully prepared with plates and maps that are works of art. Although the government printing office and the government engraving plant are the largest in the world, yet a great deal of work is done by private firms. Simply a resume of the reports would fill a very large book.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Biggest Department. The largest department of the gov-

ernment is that about which there seems to be the least public interest, It is the department of the interior, and each of its eight divisions-patents, pensions, general lands, Indian surveys and census-has ten times as much work as any cabinet office had 100 years ago. At the head of each of these divisions there must be a man of tary of the interior has charge of the So every morning I received from national parks and the supervision of tions.—Saturday Evening Post.

Legal Advice.

Lawyer-Why didn't you come to me? I could have given you some good

Mr. Kraft-I don't believe it. Any advice you'd give would be necessarily poor or you'd sell it, and the kind you sell is too dear .- Philadelphia Press.